Benchtrio Zine

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Zine Mods

Listed here are the moderators who made this zine possible!

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Solarspan
SolarspanArt

Coco

FORMATTING

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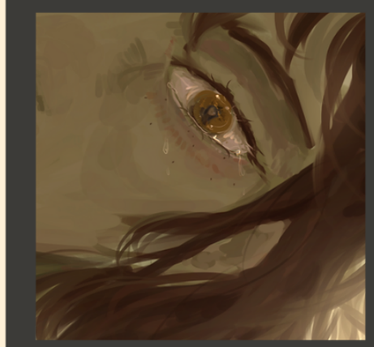

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Nine

ART & ORGANIZATION

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0__00009

Former Mods

aketreeli
aketreli

offbrandkiwii
offbrandkiwi

jorthedan_

Everything has a purpose,

Just not the purpose you think.

GENERATION LOSS

PART ONE: THE LOSTFEILD INCIDENT

A NETFLIX ORIGINAL SERIES

MAY 27 | NETFLIX

ABCDEFG
KLM
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ
1234567890
GOOD BYE

A whole garden of flowers,

and my name Here lies Rambo, beloved. etched on a rock.

All this could've been avoided

All I wanted was to talk.

BREAKING NEWS!
A FIGHT HAS BROKE IN DOWNTOWN L'MANBERG BETWEEN THE HERO "PHOENIX" AND THE VILLIAN "DUAL"
REPORTS ALSO SAY THAT THE VIGILANTE "MELTDOWN" WAS SPOTTED LEAVING THE SCENE
AUTHORITIES RECOMMEND TO AVOID THE AREA COMPLETELY
STAY SAFE EVERYONE
THUD
WOOP!
CREAK
WHAT THE HELL TOBY!
WHAT THE FUCK DUDE?!
OH JUST GREAT.
YOU ARE MELTDOWN?! DO YOU FUCKIN' KNOW HOW MUCH OF A PAIN IN THE ASS YOU'VE BEEN THIS PAST WEEK?!
ME?! WHAT ABOUT FUCKING RANBOO OVER HERE?!
HE PUNCHED ME IN THE FACE
THROUGH MY HELMET!
OFCOURSE IT HAD TO BE YOU GUYS, OFCOURSE!
JUST MORE PROOF THAT THE UNIVERSE IS OUT TO GET ME

SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU TWO!

YOU BETTER START EXPLAINING SHIT BEFORE I DECIDE THAT THIS IS A ONE PERSON APARTMENT

YOU CAN'T KICK US OUT!

YEAH! HOW WOULD YOU MANAGE TO PAY THE RENT?

?

OK FINE!! I'LL FUCKING START THEN!

I TRIED TO JOIN A HERO AGENCY

BUT QUICKLY REALIZED HOW ABSOLUTE SHIT HEROES ARE

AND DECIDED TO GO OF ON MY OWN

I MANAGED TO CATCH THE ATTENTION OF THE LEGENDARY CROWFATHER

WHO DECIDED TO TAKE ME IN HIS AGENCY

AND MAKE ME HIS PROTÉGÉ

MY PARENTS WERE THE LEADERS OF ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MOBS OF L'MANBURG

I WORKED WITH THEM UNTIL THE SYNDICATE CONTACTED ME TO JOIN THEM

NOW I HELP THEM WITH THEIR MOST IMPORTANT AND CLASSIFIED HEISTS

. . .

PFF-BHAHAHA

SNRK~ WHEEZEE

WH-HEY NOW! WHAT'S SO FUNNY?! THIS IS A SERIOUS TOPIC!

THAT IS THE MOST MADE UP STORY I'VE EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE

IT'S NOT MADE UP!!

YOU GUYS SUCK!!

HOW DID YOU EVEN AFFORD ALL THAT?

OH TE- I MEAN, THE BLOOD KING HELPED ME BUY MOST OF THIS

WAIT THAT PART WASN'T A LIE?!!

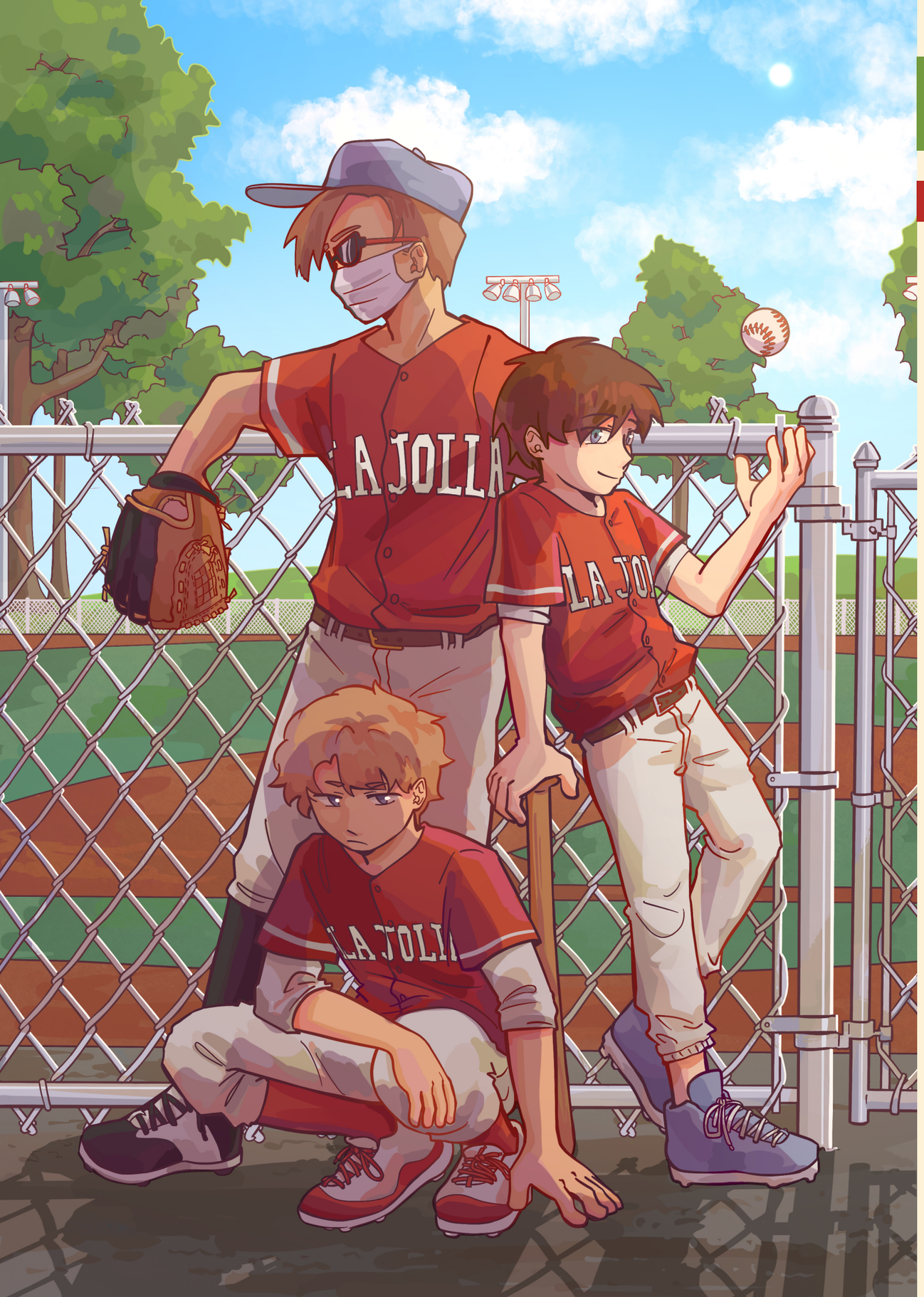
NO!!

YOU REALLY EXPECTED US TO BELIEVE ALL OF THAT EDGY SHIT?

CMON! YOU CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING BETTER!

!!
BENCH
trio

WE ARE RAN!!!
SLEEPY TUBS GETS PRANKED!
Tommy gave me this flower
YEAH!!!
:D
The Bench Boys!!
Tommy burns the kitchen down... like usual
NO I DONT
why do you have mismatching socks?!
WHO DOESN'T DO THAT
US!!
He is 2 goldfish
TOMMY GOT SCARED LOL



Homerun

Written by: Kolya (Marukidilf)

Tommy dug the end of his wooden bat into the red mixture of clay and sand below him, watching the specks of dust float down the baseball field.

He could hear Tubbo chatting about his morning, Tommy feeling somewhat guilty for drowning him out. His mind was all over the place, picking up his bat and placing it horizontally on his lap. He sighed and placed his elbows on his knees, resting his chin in the palm of his hand.

It was nice on the field today. There was a gentle spring breeze, the pollen wasn't that bad, and it was forecasted to be sunny with blue skies for the rest of the morning. He and Tubbo were dressed in their baseball uniforms for practice- white pants and a boxy, red jersey that had their school's name written in white.

He turned his head to look at Tubbo, who was now talking about what he had for breakfast. It registered as white noise in Tommy's head while he analyzed him, Tubbo laughing at his own joke. He seemed confused when Tommy didn't laugh, his eyebrows furrowing curiously.

"Hey! Are you even listening to me?" Tubbo asked, gently pushing Tommy's shoulder to get his attention. "Yeah, I'm listening! What's up?" Tommy hurriedly said, Tubbo examining his expression. "What did I eat for breakfast this morning?" He quizzed, Tommy's mind blanking mid-thought.

Tubbo looked at him expectantly, sighing upon seeing Tommy's widened eyes.

"What's bothering you, man? You've been spacing out all morning." He worriedly asked, crossing his arms on his knees and laying his head down, tilting his head sideways to look at Tommy. Tubbo slowly pieced his feelings together, Tommy sighing and rubbing his temples.

Ever since the Friday night baseball game and their thunderous 7 to 1 win, Tommy's been more pensive than excited. It's the strongest start they've had for a season in the last two years. Everyone's excited, but Tommy isn't everyone.

"I'm just tired. If anything's weird, it's how much energy you have at nine in the morning." Tommy snorted, Tubbo unable to hold back his joy. "I know, but I'm so excited! We're doing really well, Ranboo's officially a part of the team... It's perfect!" Tubbo threw his hands up into the air, Tommy rolling his eyes at the mention of the other boy's name.

Tubbo eyed him carefully, analyzing the way his shoulders tensed up.

"Oh, I see why you're unfocused." Tubbo teased, Tommy glaring at him. "I've been thinking about Ranboo, too! I think he's the best player we've had in years." He laughed, Tommy's blunt expression gently informing Tubbo that their feelings weren't mutual. Tubbo's eyebrows furrowed at the lack of a response, Tommy groaning and rubbing his temples.

"Tubbo, we had one game. It was a good one, but that's still only one game." Tommy murmured, trying to change Tubbo's mind. "Yeah, but when was the last time we won by such a large margin? Had it not been for Ranboo's pitches, we would have fumbled the whole game!" Tubbo reasoned. Tommy scoffed, looking down at the wooden bat on his lap.

“Anyone can pitch left-handed. I can catch baseballs, I can throw them, I can hit them pretty far, too- what makes him so special? That he’s new and fresh?” Tommy asked himself, Tubbo nodding.

“Yeah, that’s exactly it.” He firmly said, Tommy looking back at him. He seemed proud of himself.

“Well, you can’t tell me I’m wrong! 7 to 1? When’s the last time we had a game that good?” He questioned, Tommy holding his finger up to shush him. “Our team is already capable of it, and we can do it without a one hit wonder. He just got lucky.” Tommy snided, Tubbo looking somewhere near the entrance of the field. Tommy tried to find what Tubbo was looking at, seeing an array of his teammates grouped up around someone entering the field.

Oh, great.

Tommy sighed and looked away, Tubbo gasping and immediately raising his hand to wave at the newcomer. He could overhear his teammates and coach praising him for his performance the other night, Tommy rolling his eyes.

“I want to see him in the next game- I wanna see consistency. He might be good, but is he consistently good?” Tommy sneered, Tubbo eyeing him up and down. “You sure as hell aren’t.” He snorted, feeling playful as he saw flames in Tommy’s eyes. The blonde flipped him off and straightened his posture, feeling the need to defend himself.

“I’ll have you know I’ve been the Team MVP for the past two years! I’m the best player- matter of fact, probably the best thing to ever happen to this team.” Tommy boasted, feeling confident about his skills.

He could hear the crunch of sand and clay grains under cleats, the sound slowly approaching the two boys on the bleachers. Tommy didn’t want to look ahead.

“Hey, MVP!” Tubbo smiled, Tommy cringing as he heard their hands clap in a high five. Ranboo laughed and let his hand fall back down to his side, a white baseball cap on his head protecting him from the shade. “Hey, Tubs!” Ranboo seemed a bit dazed as he spoke, a giddy smile on his lips. Tommy kept his eyes glued downwards, trying to focus on the intricacies of his bat.

“Did something happen back there? I heard everyone talking to you,” Tubbo asked, Ranboo nodding.

“Yeah, the coach was talking about the aftermath of Friday’s game. He said that ‘my contributions have boosted the team’s statistics to levels not seen in years’, and then he proceeded to call me the best player we’ve had in decades.” Ranboo chuckled, still in disbelief over what he was told.

Tommy was in disbelief, too.

“Decades?” Tommy restated, trying to affirm that he heard Ranboo correctly. He nodded, Tommy incredulously laughing. “You just started playing for the team- how are you the best player in decades?” He asked, Ranboo’s eyebrow raising at his agitated tone.

“Well, I’d assume it’s because I’m good.” Ranboo mumbled, Tommy’s jaw dropping.

“What, are you implying that I’m not good?” He accused, Ranboo’s eyebrows furrowing.

“No! I’m not implying anything!” He defended, Tommy’s hand stroking his wooden bat with repressed anger. “I didn’t expect to perform that well on Friday, and even then, it was a collective effort. We all collaborated to do well.” Ranboo reasoned, Tubbo nodding in agreement. Tommy sighed.

“What if I lifted this bat and used it as a weapon?” Tommy threatened, Ranboo’s lips agape. Tubbo simply looked on in shame, their bickering drawing attention from some of the other players. “Now you’re implying that you want to hurt me for being a good player!” Ranboo laughed, Tommy lifting the bat off his lap and knocking Ranboo’s hat off his head, the hat falling through a crack in the bleachers and onto the ground.

“I’m not implying anything.” Tommy mocked, bitter as he watched players approach the bleachers to get a clear view of the situation.

“Hey! That was new!” Ranboo hissed, Tommy pouting and shrugging. “Oh, great. Now you’re fucked.” Tubbo whispered angrily, gesturing to the last person to spectate their conversation.

Tommy’s eyes widened at the sight, the horror- Coach.

“What’s goin’ on here?” Coach asked, chewing on gum absentmindedly. Ranboo extended his hand towards Tommy accusingly.

“He’s been picking on me ever since I got here.” He reported, Tommy gasping and shaking his head. Before Tommy could defend himself, Tubbo stood up to speak, Tommy’s eyes widening at his resolve.

“Tommy can’t stand Ranboo because he’s better than him. He’s been rude to him out of bitterness.” Tubbo truthfully stated, Tommy sighing and rubbing his temples. “Thank you, Tubbo.” Tommy sarcastically hissed, Tubbo interpreting it as a genuine comment.

“I’m really trying to be nice to you, man.” Ranboo stated, Tommy raising his bat again.

“Keep talking and I’ll knock your head off next.” Tommy emptily threatened, Ranboo snorting. Coach groaned and stepped closer towards them, standing at the foot of the bleachers. “No decapitation! Blood’s hard to clean off the diamond.” He reprimanded.

“Here’s what's gonna happen. You both have 3 days to become best friends or else you won’t play for the rest of the season.” Coach calmly stated, Tommy choking on his saliva.

“You can’t keep me from playing, Coach! I’m the best player here!” Tommy whined, Coach sighing and digging into his pocket. He took out a baseball, chucking it straight at Ranboo’s head. Tubbo winced, Ranboo’s hand reflexively going to catch the ball. He looked at it for a split moment before laughing, tossing it back to Coach.

“No, he is. Get your head in the game and out of your ass. I expect better from high school juniors.” He hissed, Coach making his leave and eventually taking the rest of the laughing, muttering, gossiping players with him.

Ranboo eyed Tommy, Tubbo getting an idea amidst their conflict.

“I know what we can do!” He smiled, the thought of what he had in mind sending shivers down both Tommy and Ranboo’s spine.

The first thing Tommy noticed about Ranboo was the way he pitched.

“Heads up!” Ranboo shouted, his left arm windmilling a baseball right at him. Tommy raised his right hand, barely grabbing the ball. He slightly stumbled back at the recoil of the catch, Ranboo smiling sweetly. What a prick, Tommy thought. He heard Tubbo laugh, muffled by the sound of food in his mouth.

Tommy looked behind him, spotting Tubbo on the second row of bleachers with a sandwich in his hand. It had been his idea to schedule a morning to practice, which was really just a way for Ranboo and Tommy to become friends over a mutual interest in baseball. Tommy was reluctant at first, but Ranboo had no problem with the plan.

So naturally, not wanting to hurt Tubbo’s feelings, lose his place on the team, and give Ranboo the satisfaction of victory, he agreed to join.

“Don’t call Ranboo a prick just because he threw a curveball! Baseball is all about surprises.” Tubbo giggled, Tommy glancing back at Ranboo.

“Oh, did I say that out loud?” Tommy asked, launching the baseball back at Ranboo. “I didn’t realize I did.” He smirked, Ranboo catching the ball with ease. He laughed and adjusted his footing, tilting his head to crack his neck before pitching again.

“Like how you didn’t mean to knock my hat off?” Ranboo sardonically questioned, thinking back to their outburst yesterday. Tommy snorted, shaking his head at his sarcasm. “I definitely meant to do that, Boob Boy. I did it with the pure intention to get some dirt on it.” Tommy sighed, shaking off the stiffness in his right wrist.

Ranboo launched the ball exceedingly fast, Tommy gasping upon realizing where the ball had been aimed. The ball striked Tommy in the abdomen, Tubbo gasping and putting his food down next to him to stand up and get a better view of the situation. Tommy’s eyes widened as he went down, Ranboo innocently whistling and slowly walking over to the blonde on the ground. Tubbo made his way to Tommy, the boy’s eyes squinted in pain.

“Ranboo, what the fuck!” Tubbo hissed, soothingly rubbing Tommy’s back. Tommy barely managed to open his eyes, looking up at Ranboo.

“You were holding back.” Ranboo mumbled, the weight of his actions slowly setting in. Tommy’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

“Holding back what?” Tommy grunted, slowly standing up and shifting his footing. Tubbo patiently stood behind him, glaring at Ranboo expectantly. Ranboo raised his left hand, twisting it slightly and looking at Tubbo. It took a few moments for it to click in Tubbo’s mind, the brunette gasping then laughing. Tommy grew agitated at the lack of an explanation, looking at Tubbo impatiently.

“You pitch with your left hand, Tommy. Like him.” Tubbo slowly pieced together his outburst, Tommy glancing down at the glove on his right hand. He has been going easy on him.

“I’m capable of playing with the team. That’s why I’m the MVP, Tommy, I can handle it.” Ranboo assured, resting his hand above Tommy’s glove. Tommy clicked his tongue, in disbelief over his soft tone.

“You just gutted me and now you want to make amends?” Tommy’s voice shook, Ranboo promptly nodding. “I’ve always wanted to make amends. I never hated you, I was just unsure of why you hated me. You’re a good player, but I think I am, too.” Ranboo spoke with confidence, Tommy looking at him for a moment before sighing.

He glanced at Tubbo, who had moved to stand to the side, but still between them to see both their faces.

“It’s just… annoying.” Tommy muttered, Ranboo unsure of what he meant. “You moved here only a few months ago, and you’re the top of the class, you have all these friends, you’re practically besties with Tubbo, and now you’re the MVP for the fucking baseball team?” Tommy hissed, resentful of his status. Ranboo blinked twice before looking at Tubbo, who cautiously looked back.

They both then turned their attention to Tommy, who’s hand was wrapped around his stomach.

“I’ve tried being close with you, but you just avoided me. Tubbo said really nice things about you, and I tried baseball to bridge the gap between us.” Ranboo pensively stated, Tommy’s blank expression making Tubbo giggle. “I mean, I’ve been playing since I was little, but I took a break for a while and started warming up to join the season this year.” Ranboo explained, clarifying his situation for Tommy.

“You were trying to be my friend this whole time?” Tommy asked, unsure of how he could have been so ignorant. “Yeah, man! You’re good at baseball and everyone talks highly of you. Plus,” Ranboo smirked, promptly cutting himself off and raising his left hand, glove pointed straight at Tommy, “we both catch with our left hands.” He grinned, offering him a fist bump.

Tommy laughed, raising his hand and completing the fist bump.

“I’m honored, Ranboo!” Tommy smiled, his newfound bond making him feel soft. “I’ve been a bit of an… an asshole, I admit. But, thanks for giving me a chance.” Tommy sweetly murmured.

“And plus, we’re a lot cooler than Tubbo because we can catch with both our hands. He’s a rightie,” Tommy whispered the last sentence, Tubbo kicking his shin after hearing him. Tommy groaned in pain, kicking some dirt from the field onto Tubbo’s pants. Tubbo gasped, Ranboo laughing and quietly watching his friends.

-

“You got this, Tom!”

Tommy heard a chant of familiar voices from the bleachers behind him, briefly turning to get a glimpse of the crowd. He saw his father, Phil, and two older brothers, Wilbur and Techno, hunched together in the front row. The bleachers were packed with families and friends spectating what was the final game of the baseball season.

Tommy turned back and focused on the game, the harsh glare of the fluorescent stadium lights making him sweat even more. He gazed at Ranboo from third base, the taller boy stood at the pitcher’s mound. He had been striking strong hits the whole game, but after a tough switch, their team and the visiting team had been stuck on 10-9.

Tommy sighed, shaking off the stiffness in his wrist. Ranboo took a deep breath, preparing himself for the next batter. He squinted, spotting Tubbo somewhere in the outfield behind Ranboo. He waved at him, Tommy shyly waving back. Ranboo thought he was waving to him, so he started waving, too. Tommy snorted, a smile stuck on his face.

The batter twirled the bat slightly in the air, Ranboo shifting his footing and preparing to pitch.

Since the unlikely start of their friendship, Ranboo and Tommy had grown quite close. He and Tubbo had been over to his house for dinner, to study, to play video games- and Tommy couldn't believe he was missing out on so much fun. His whole family got to know Ranboo in the same way they knew Tubbo, which made Ranboo feel even more accepted by Tommy.

"You got this, Ranboo!" Techno shouted, Phil whistling to show his support.

Ranboo launched the first throw- a beautifully articulated curveball. The batter missed it, giving them the first strike. Tommy heard some people clapping and cheering from the bleachers, Ranboo winding up for the next pitch.

The next throw was a little plainer- a direct, sharp fastball. The batter also missed it, Tommy hearing the crowd roar and some people boo. Ranboo didn't let the sounds impact him, drowning it out and taking a deep breath. The batter readjusted his footing, hearing some words of encouragement from his teammates across the field.

Ranboo finally let go of the baseball, another curveball being delivered.

However, the pitcher actually hit it this time.

Tommy watched as the ball soared over the field, the batter throwing the bat down onto the ground and starting to make his way around the diamond. Tommy could hear people cheering and clapping, the ball only starting to make its way back down the ground after the batter reached first base.

Ranboo turned back to look into the outfield, heart panging at the thought of their team not being able to win. He tried peering over the heads of all the players and seeing who had the ball, a familiar head of brown hair recoiling back slightly after catching the ball.

Tubbo huffed as he chucked the ball to an infielder, the batter running from second base to third base. Tommy could finally make eye contact with him, the infielder throwing the ball straight at Tommy's face.

The batter only got closer and closer, Tommy hoping the ball would travel faster. He felt something strong fit nicely into the palm of his left hand, a strong step on the white base beneath him coming right after.

Before he could even process what had just happened, he heard a dejected sigh amidst the loud cheers and claps from the bleachers behind him. He opened his eyes and saw the batter walk off, air horns and confetti poppers fitting in nicely with the sounds of celebration echoing around him. The ball was planted firmly in his hand, Tommy spotting Ranboo and Tubbo run up to him and hug him tightly.

"We did it! We fucking won the season!" Tubbo laughed in disbelief, still processing the conclusion of the game himself. His other teammates started to crowd around him, Tommy throwing his hands up in victory. He turned to face his family on the bleachers, seeing Wilbur holding up his phone and recording the game with a prideful smile on his face.

"That's something Phil would do!" Tommy shouted, trying to egg him on. Wilbur threw up his middle finger with his free hand, Phil revealing that he was also filming the game on his phone. Tommy playfully rolled his eyes, turning back to the crowd of people around him.

Tommy felt hands lifting him up into the air, a sneaky grin on Ranboo and Tubbo's face. His eyebrows furrowed, unsure of what was going on.

Above him was the night sky- the stars were clouded by light pollution, but Tommy never felt more embraced by it. His teammates were holding him up in a makeshift crowd surf, chanting phrases of praise and team spirit. Ranboo tossed up the baseball for Tommy to hold, the blonde undoing his glove and tossing it somewhere into the diamond.

He examined the ball carefully, overwhelmed with happiness over the night's events.

"Can we get Ranboo and Tubbo up here, too?" Tommy shouted, partially joking as he nudged the ball off his hand and onto the ground.

However, this time around, the crowd felt stronger.

Attendees from the bleachers had walked onto the field to join in the crowd, the new wave of power managing to lift Tubbo and Ranboo up beside him. Tubbo shrieked in shock upon being thrusted into the air, laughing upon realizing he had been up above everyone with his friends. Ranboo smiled and pretended to doze off, Tommy punching his shoulder to wake him up. "Wake up, Boob Boy! This is our time to shine!" Tommy smirked, Ranboo opening his eyes and giggling, his heart swelling with joy and pride.

They all laughed and smiled with their hands connected, feeling like they were on top of the world.

....tch.

You ok, Tommy?

It's just...

I feel so WORTHLESS

Even though I have wings like Phil

I still can't fly

WHY?!

Is it because I've done something in my past life?

I—

I'm WORTHLESS—

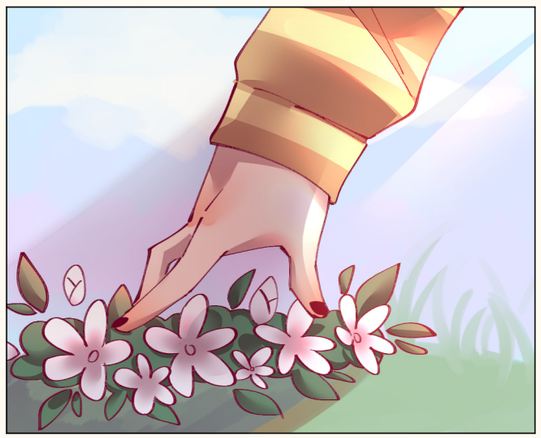
Oh, Tommy...

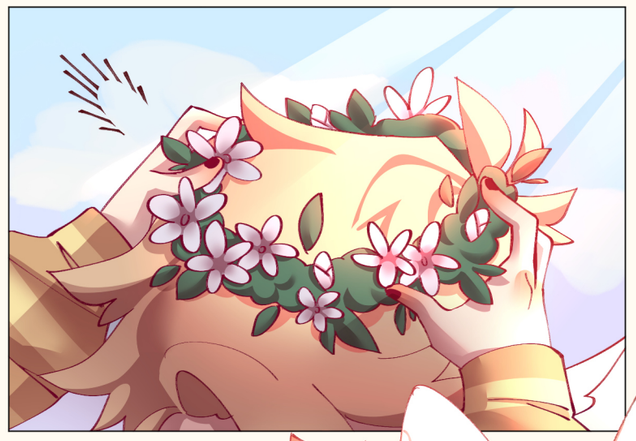
Why didn't you tell us?
We could've been there with you.

..Well....
I think its...
...kinda dumb?
Tommy...

It's not dumb.

!!





Yeah, bossman

Your feelings matter to us.

You're our Family after all.

IN LITTLE WAYS,

I AM BUILT OF SOUVENIRS.

ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE PASSED TO ME WILL STAY.

NO MATTER WHAT CHANGES.

IT'S THE LITTLE PARTS OF YOU THAT MAKE UP ALL OF ME.

YOUR LAUGH,

YOUR DIRECTION,

YOUR REMINDERS,
YOUR PATIENCE.

EVERY ONE IS STITCHED
INTO MY SLEEVE.

I COULDN'T ERASE YOU
IF I TRIED.

BUT WHY WOULD
I TRY?

CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
PISTOL BULL
THE ONE AND ONLY
PIGGY'S

10:41

Credits

_Crowflock
_Crowflock

_xethra
_xethra

Akuroshi1
Akuroshi

Beaxmice
Beaxmice

Mochaiiruu
mochaiiruu

PinkInInk2
pink_in_ink7

rachelfc_art
rachelfc_art

semrielle
semrielle

Pitifulpanini

2dead_egg
Mortt. eg

Vantaasy
Fairyptic

Euca

SolarspanArt
solarspan

Skygoldart

omelettecandy
(Thelostmoongazer)

Nopedog_

rainfroggies

hanmdin
hanmdin

jirojpg
jirojpg

merpeeko

Hyuu_02

MooncakeMocha

wolfhotels
wolfhotel

Marukidilf
marukidilf

Thank you for reading the

Benchtrio Zine